WHEN BABY SAYS GOOD-NIGHT.

Her little feet so white and bare
Trip down the wide and winding stair;
Arrayed in simple gown of white
She comes to bid me sweet good-night.
The rosy cheeks, the chubby arms—
I worship all the baby charms,
And kiss the lips that prattle so
Of childish joy and childish woe,
And then I breathe a silent prayer
For little feet so white and bare.

For tired heart and brows that ache,
There's balm that follows in her wake;
No greater blessing joy commands
Than soothing stroke of childish hands.
What greater boon of helpful bliss
Than dimpled cheeks to press and kiss?
I seem to part from ways of men
And cling the more to Heaven, when
She trips adown the winding stair
With little feet so white and bare.

A last good-night and when she's gone
To tread the shores that love grows on,
The dreamland isle where roses meet
And tangle up the childish feet
That pass that way. I grow resigned
To Fate which seemed to me unkind
And cruel in its every task.
But now no earthly boon I ask;
I only laugh at sordid care,
And bless the feet so white and bare.
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Housekeeper.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Mark Gerard passed as her father. His long absences from home were accepted by Miss Nancy, without comment, as commonplace facts, connected—so she supposed—with business affairs. Of his standing in San Francisco she was entirely ignorant. The girl had been educated in the east and abroad. She read no newspapers. She asked no indiscreet questions. Custom had atrophied curiosity.

"Of course," I said, apologetically, "he is a very busy man.'

"He must be," she returned.

Then she leaned back and closed her eyes. A mastiff feeding is not an æsthetic sight; and I confess that I was hungry. As I munched away, the two faces almost within touch of my hand challenged attention. The likeness between father and daughter grew startling—so startling, indeed, that I gulped down a glass of wine to quiet my bristling sensibilities. No wonder Mark Gerard had sent her abroad and to the east. With that face confronting him, his apprehensions, poor devil, must have run riot.

"There is thunder in the air," said Miss Nancy, raising her heavy lids.

"Thunder?" I repeated, incredulously.

"And lightning. Well, it will clear the atmosphere. The barometer has been 'set fair' long enough."

Her perspicacity confounded me. With men of all sorts and conditions I was familiar; with women I had come but seldom in contact.

"Yes, we are smarter than you think," she said, divining my thoughts. "By-the-bye, why do you dislike Demetrius?"

"Your mother says he is a pagan."

"So was Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Livingston, why can't you talk to me frankly? Forget that I am a girl."

She spoke gravely—with emphasis, without excitement. A man, I reflected, might do well to pick up the gauntlet she had thrown down. A friendly contest of wits was just the tonic I needed; but Mark Gerard had my word, and my tongue was tied.

"Demetrius, Miss Nancy, is a Greek, with a Greek's subtlety and cunning. Unless I am very much mistaken, he has served Mr. Gerard, faithfully, I'll admit, because it was to his interest to do so. He believes in the doctrine of expediency, that the end justifies the means. That is why I call him a pagan."

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "you are right. Hush!"

She moved swiftly across the room, opened the door, glanced keenly to right and left, and returned to her chair.

"I thought," she whispered, "that I heard a noise outside. I was mistaken."

"Your nerves are—"

"In excellent order, thank you. Mr. Livingston—" her voice betrayed for the first time exicitement—"look! He is coming to."

I sprang to my feet, and together we approached the bed and bent inquiringly over the patient. His eyelids twitched convulsively, and then opened. The man was conscious. At the same moment my ear caught the sound of a distinct creak in the passage. My eyes sought Miss Nancy's.

"That was what I heard just now," she murmured. "It's nothing; all these wooden houses creak."

Burlington monopolized our attention, and no more was said. The doctor had left instructions, which were followed to the letter. Miss Nancy supported the sick man's head, while I, with a teaspoon, fed him slowly with prepared bouillon. Burlington swallowed the broth with difficulty, and made no attempt to speak. He was not violent, and apparently was not in pain. We waited patiently for his first words.

"Where am I?" he stammered, when the broth was consumed and his head once more upon the pillow.

"With friends," I answered.

"Friends?" His voice was singularly strong and harsh. "I have no friends. Ha! I remember; the cave, yes—and the boy."

He attempted to move, and groaned deeply.

"Mr. Burlington, you know me, I think; Hugo Livingston. Let me entreat you to keep perfectly quiet. Don't move, and don't talk. I can give you a hypodermic injection; but you are better without it. The doctor will be here to-morrow morning early."

He nodded and closed his eyes. Of course further talking between Nancy and me was impossible. We sat in silence through the watches of the night, performing from time to time such offices as were required.

The birds had begun to twitter their matins when the doctor drove up. He had been attending a dying patient. He protested against Nancy's vigil, and pronounced the patient in no immediate danger.

"You will please go to bed, Miss Gerard, or at any rate lie down. I insist. Demetrius will take your place; and I shall relieve Mr. Livingston. Perhaps you will be kind enough to ask the Greek to come to me at once. I expect the nurse in half an hour."

I glanced at my watch as Nancy obeyed. It was six o'clock, and the household was already astir. Demetrius, I knew, was no sluggard, no lie-abed. He would answer the summons promptly; and upon my immediate action might hang the life of Burlington.

Distracted by doubt, I walked to the window and flung up the lower sash. The fresh air flooded the room; with it came the sounds and odors of spring. The full-throated meadow-larks (California has few singing birds) had began their roulades, to which the staccato notes of the gulls and the myriad-voiced chorus of frogs from the marshes east of the sand-dunes furnished a curious and effective accompaniment. The scent of the violet, heliotrope and jasmines hung lightly on the breeze. The lawn sparkled with dew. The lanceolate leaves of the eucalypti quivered against an opalescent sky. Leaning out of the window, my tired eyes rested upon the Pacific, which wooed me to its embrace with a tender murmur of welcome. For the multitude of sea-birds could prophesy that the mackerel and sardines were in the bay. The cormorants were hard at work, plunging with mighty splashes into the water. I caught now and again the gleam of a mackerel in their monstrous beaks, and noted idly the parasites snapping up the morsels of fish carelessly dropped by their patrons. What a paradise! To me a garden of Eden, with its tree of knowledge of good and evil, its serpent, its Eve, and, alas! the angel with the flaming sword.

It falls to the lot of all sons of Adam to wander once down the enchanted glades of Eden. How many recognize the place too late, when the gate is closed against them forever!

My thoughts were put to flight by the sound of Nancy's voice. She beckoned eagerly from the passage.

"An extraordinary thing has happened," she gasped. "Demetrius has gone. He never went to bed at all. And—and he has taken Mark with him!"

"Gone!" I ejaculated. So the fellow had turned tail. His nerves at the critical moment had failed.

"He has left a letter for mamma. She is reading it now. I must go to her."

Flinging these disjointed phrases at my head she left me, and I returned thoughtfully to the bedside of Burlington. As yet he had shown no disposition to talk. The doctor's second examination had provoked groans and affirmative nods in response to important questions. The man was terribly bruised; but his bones, mirabile dictu, were still intact. Quiet, of course, was imperative; and any excitement might prove fatal. I led the doctor to the window and told him briefly that Demetrius had left the house. "Anything you need, doctor, I can get. Pray command me." The doctor, however, refused my services, and went himself to prepare a liniment. I accompanied him to the door, and when I turned confronted the melancholy eyes of Burlington. The fire was out of them; in its place was a question.

"Am I in the house of Mark Gerard?" he asked, harshly.

"You are in the house of Mrs. Gerard," I replied. It was futile to evade the truth, but I wondered how he would take it.

He took it, as might be expected, hardly—in silence. The hot blood flamed across his forehead, and ebbed instantly, leaving the pale complexion livid—a danger signal which quickened my own pulses. The situation was intensely dramatic. His next question surprised me:

"Is the Greek here?"

"He was here."

"Curse him! Don't let him come into this room."

He closed his eyes and said no more. After all, he had said enough. The mere words, coupled with the tones of his deep voice, horrified me. Manifestly, his appetite for blood was not yet glutted. And this man was the father of Nancy!

An hour later the letter of Demetrius was placed in my hands. I had finished a hasty breakfast, and was sitting, smoking, upon the veranda. The doctor and the nurse were with Burlington. The letter ran thus:

"Dear Madame: Acting in accordance with the instructions I received from my master, I have been compelled to leave your house and take your son with me. We can camp at the hut on the island" (Mark had described this hut to me with enthusiasm: it had been built by his father and was well provisioned for the purposes of duck shooting), "and Mark, as you know, will be safe and happy there with me. I dare not take the chances of exposing the boy to the fury of a powerful madman. Yours respectfully, madame, DEMETRIUS."

Nancy brought me this carefully written epistle, and with it a message from her mother. Mrs. Gerard was prostrated by the events of the past 24 hours and unable to leave her room. She approved the flight of Demetrius.

"He is certainly faithful," said Miss Nancy.

"Why are you not lying down?" I asked, severely.

"I could not rest while—while the thunder is in the air. Mamma has just given me the key to the puzzle. She has told me that Mr. Burlington is a madman—that he has a terrible grudge against father, and wishes to murder poor Mark. How horrible!"

"Very horrible," I said, gravely.

"And you," she continued, "were sent down to stand between Mark and this dreadful monster. I did you an injustice. Forgive me."

She held out her hand frankly, with an air of good-fellowship which argued the lack of a tenderer sentiment.

"But the monster," she continued, with a slight shiver, "is surely helpless?"

"That, Miss Nancy, we do not know. We think so."

"'Mamma also told me that he had once tried to murder father, and instead had killed his partner. I could see that the mere telling of the story upset her terribly. Oh, Mr. Livingston, my heart misgives me when I think that I'm responsible for this man being here. What have I done in my folly and conceit?"

Her distress was most painful to witness; and naturally I offered some crumbs of comfort, pointing out that she had acted according to the dictates of her heart, a woman's wisest counselor, and doubtless for the best, ultimately.

"Why has this man," she asked, fiercely, "been suffered to heap such wretchedness upon the heads of innocent people?"

I was silent.

"Have you nothing to say?" she demanded, hotly.

"There is reason in everything," I answered—"the inexorable logic of cause and effect. I believe that the answer to most of our questions may be found, if we search patiently. The problem of human suffering is to be solved, but not by random guesswork. The sufferings of such a woman as your mother are to be evidence of a future state of existence."

She listened attentively to my crude response, a softer light suffusing her fine eyes. The thought struck me that both of us, she as well as I, had taken life too lightly and needed the discipline of reflection. To me personally things in general had begun to assume strange proportions; some of my mountains dwindled to mole hills, and vice versa; substance melted into shadow; the ideal absorbed the real. The process is often rapid, and, like a trip across the English channel, most upsetting.

"Yesterday," said Nancy, after a significant pause, "I particularly noticed the sunset. The line of surf, with the light behind it, was purple, not white; and yet I knew, of course, that it was white. It is so with the human souls we meet; their color depends upon the light, and our own eyes deceive us.

"You are right. Hush!"

And there are always the two roads, one leading to Heaven—on earth, I mean—and the other to—"

"The land of regret. May you never set foot there!"

I spoke warmly.

"Thank you; you would—"

"Turn myself into a sign post for your sake. Most assuredly."

We gazed calmly and dispassionately into each other's eyes. Perhaps, all in all, it was the bitterest moment of my life, for I saw that she had guessed my secret and remained unmoved; and yet—the leaven of sweetness was there.

CHAPTER VI.

At the request of Mrs. Gerard, I drove alone to meet her husband, a passenger on the incoming stage, which was due at the nearest town (a wretched village) about five in the afternoon. Burlington, so the doctor assured me, was, practically speaking, paralyzed, and unable to move his limbs without suffering intense pain. During the day he had spoken to none, taking what nourishment was offered, and submitting without a groan to the treatment prescribed. The nurse was a powerful man, fully awake to his responsibilities. Gerard doubtless had much to say to me, and I to him. Under these circumstances I consented to leave the house.

"Will he live?" was the first question of Gerard.

"The doctor thinks so."

Then I told my story from start to finish, eliminating the murderous suggestion of the Greek. Gerard was intensely excited.

"'Good Lord!" he burst out, "what an escape the lad has had!"

I concluded with the flight of Demetrius, and gave him the Greek's letter, which he read rapidly and placed in his pocketbook.

"Well," he said, sharply, in the tone of a man who is puzzled but won't admit it—"well, sir, what is your opinion? Mind, your honest opinion."

"Demetrius," said I, slowly, searching for a suitable epithet and selecting the one upon my tongue's tip, "is a damned coward."

"And your reasons?" he snapped. His restless eyes sparkled as the adjective sputtered from my lips.

"He turned tail to save his own hide. The boy was taken to save appearances. When Mark was in real danger—alone on the sands with Burlington—Demetrius was indecently indifferent. But when the doctor apprehended violent symptoms and our friend thought that he might be exposed to them, why, then—"

"He wilted, eh?"

"Yes; the naked coward obtruded itself."

"You don't know him, young man."

"Possibly not."

"He is no coward. I have known Demetrius for 30 years—a long time. I repeat, he is no coward."

I touched up the horses with the flick of the whip, and the action betrayed me, for Gerard laughed.

"Take it coolly," he said. "Young men, nine times out of ten, misconstrue the motives which govern human actions. Remember that I have made a study, a profitable study, of my fellow creatures."

"All the same," I said, doggedly, "he is a coward."

"That's quite right. Stick to your colors, my boy. By the way, I am surprised that you should have taken Burlington to my house."

I could not excuse myself without accusing Nancy, so I held my peace.

"However," he continued, thoughtfully, "we have the man where we can watch him. You may yet earn that big salary."

"I expect to," I retorted, bluntly. I was cursing myself for speaking out so plainly. In damning the cowardice of the Greek I had also, by inference, damned the cowardice of my employer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN INTERESTING WRECK.

Discovery of an Old Frigate in the Roadstead of Brest.

The recent discovery of the old wreck of a frigate or war vessel at the bottom of the roadstead of Brest has incited research both on the part of scientists and historians. One of the latter recently declared that the vessel must have been sunk by the Spanish guns from the Fort de la Pointe. This view, however, is doubted by a navy officer, who has searched the archives and considers it improbable that the Spanish guns of that time should have been able to sink a vessel on the north side of the roadstead, the distance being altogether too great. He thinks that the wreck is that of a vessel from the fleet of the duke de Vendome, who, in 1652, after the naval battle in front of La Rochelle, touched at Brest before coming to the succor of Dunkerque.

One of the duke's frigates, the Zelee, suffered particularly in the engagement of August 9, and, on the 18th of August, 1652, while anchored in the northern part of the roadstead, she sunk during a sudden squall coming from the southwest.

Divers have recently brought up quite a number of iron castings, cannon balls, guns and other relics from the wreck. The hull has been examined, and, considering that it has been under water 245 years, it is in surprisingly good condition. The wreck being sunk in 18 fathoms of water and lying on its side it is in no wise a danger to navigation, and this probably accounts for the fact that it was not discovered until recently, when it was found accidentally during one of the trials of a submarine boat experimented with by the French naval authorities at Brest.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Interest on Charity.

Baron James de Rothschild, being a great lover of art, consented at one time to pose as a beggar in a painting which his friend, Eugenie Delacroix, was engaged on. This obliging act was attended by twofold results. On the appointed day Baron de Rothschild appeared at the studio. The famous painter placed a tunic around the banker's shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the step of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's pupils, who, struck by the excellence of the model, congratulated his master on having found just what he needed. Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, the pupil seized an opportunity to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron de Rothschild thanked him with a look, and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that the young man possessed talent, but no means. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter, stating that charity bore interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was now the sum of 10,000 francs to the young artist's credit at Rothschilds'.—Family Herald.

How a Colorado Cemetery Started.

"The graveyard in Georgetown, Col., was started," explained a Colorado politician, "by burying a man who was lynched. He was a bad character, and made himself very disagreeable in many ways. Finally he shot a saloon keeper there, and the boys, supposing that the saloon keeper was dead, organized a lynch court and executed him in very short order. After they returned from their lynching bee the saloon keeper showed some signs of life. By the most careful kind of nursing he recovered from his injury. The boys then saw that they had made a mistake; that a life should not be taken except in return for a life, and they raised quite a large sum of money and sent it to the fellow's parents. Though the body was first planted in a gully, it was afterward taken up and properly interred in what is now Georgetown's leading cemetery. The saloon man always kept the grave green."—Washington Star.

Good Defense.

"Have you any defense?" asked the judge.

"Certainly," replied the bicyclist. "The man very foolishly tried to cross the street and I naturally ran him down."

"It's a difficult case to pass upon," said the judge, thoughtfully. "Of course, you are blameless, but I don't know whether to call it a case of justifiable homicide or suicide."—Chicago Post.

Airy Flights.

"I'll wager my daughter could run one of those flying machines."

"Why do you think so?"

"You just ought to see how she soars in her graduating essay."—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—King Chulalongkorn of Siam takes home with him the degree of doctor of laws of Oxford university.

—An interesting old church is St. Peter's, at White House, Va., built in 1703, its cost being 146,000 weight of tobacco. It is in the form of a parallelogram, with a square tower capped with a steeple, the weathervane being the keys of St. Peter. It strongly suggests many English parish churches. Here Washington was married to Mrs. Martha Custis, since which event the old church has been famous throughout Virginia.

—It is interesting to remember the different periods at which the Bible was translated into the vernacular languages of different countries. Of the earliest editions (though perhaps not the earliest) we may regard the Spanish, 1478; German, 1522; English, 1535; French, 1535; Danish, 1540; Swedish, 1541; Dutch, 1560; Russian, 1581; Hungarian, 1589; Polish, 1596; Turkish, 1626; Modern Greek, 1638; Irish, 1685; Portuguese, 1768; Manx, 1771; Italian, 1776; Bengalee, 1801; Tartar, 1814; Persian, 1815; Chinese, 1820.

—Recent reports of international committee of the Young Men's Christian association show that in 31 years the number of associations has grown from 90 to 1,429, and the total membership from 15,498 to 248,734. Then there were no buildings, now there are 330, valued at over $17,000,000; then the expense of local work was $50,000, now it is nearly $2,500,000. The international work in this country, including all superintendence of the local organizations and the development of the departments, was $522; it is now a trifle over $73,000. The work abroad has grown from nothing to nearly $20,000.

—The Methodist general missionary conference committee, which met in Philadelphia, appropriated for the work of 1898 the sum of $1,129,910. Of this sum $577,480 was given to foreign missions, divided as follows: India, $129,066; Malaysia, $9,100; Germany, $36,264; Switzerland, $7,395; Noorway, $12,581; Sweden, $16,400; Denmark, $7,483; Finland and St. Petersburg, $4,585; Bulgaria, $9,000; Italy, $40,438; South America, $42,436; Western South America, $28,812; Mexico, $48,015; Africa, $14,250; China, $110,590; Japan, $47,000; Korea, $13,975. For domestic missions, $151,876 was appropriated for non-English-speaking missions, $7,411 for American Indians, $283,143 for English work. To miscellaneous objects $110,000 was devoted.

ROENTGEN RAY PROGRESS.

Professor Thompson's Demonstration Before a London Society.

The Roentgen society, a new scientific body devoted to matters relating to Roentgen radiations, was addressed at its first meeting in London by Prof. Silvanus Thompson, its president, who read a paper giving a resume of the progress in the art. The English custom, that might well be followed in America, of supplementing lectures and papers by an exhibition of the allied apparatus, was followed by this society, the exhibition being replete with everything pertaining to the invisible rays. Prof. Thompson pointed out the fact that while numerous theories had been advanced to explain Roentgen rays, none had received experimental demonstration, and, he said, we are as much in the dark regarding their exact nature as at the time of their discovery, in November, 1895. The great advance made has been in the development of the rays, in the tubes for their generation, in the controlling devices and the manipulation of the current for actuating the tubes. Now a radiograph can be obtained in a second, while at first an exposure of half an hour was usual. One of the exhibits illustrating this advance was a full-sized human figure, five feet four inches high, taken with a single exposure of a few minutes. It redounds to the credit of American workers that this sciagraph was made by Dr. Morton, of New York city. Another important advance that has been made is in the photographing of the soft tissues of the body, though there is still room for improvement in this direction, the definition not being nearly so sharp as in the case of the bones. There were also shown numerous sciagraphs of hands. Lord Salisbury's, among others, some photographs of wounded soldiers taken at the seat of the Greek war, an exhibit showing the relation between the atomic weights of metals and their absorptive power, showing that some subtle connection remains to be discovered; a series of zoological subjects, an instrument for photographing solid bodies from two different points of view, which gives the location of the imbeded substance with millimetrical accuracy, together with special tubes, screens and outfits.—Chicago Chronicle.

Alpine Glaciers Decreasing.

Glaciers vary in length from year to year and apparently in cycles of years also, those of the Alps having shown a general diminution since 1850. An investigation of the changes of the Arctic glaciers has now been made by Ch. Rabot. There is no sign of a general retreat corresponding to that of the Alps, but in Greenland the ice is at present at a maximum and stationary. In Iceland there was a general increase in the eighteenth century, interrupted by a partial decrease. Then came a very extensive advance during most of the present century, a slight retreat—not comparable with that of the Alps—having begun in the north of the island about 1855-1860, and 20 years later in the south.—Chicago Chronicle.

All Over.

"My wife and I have our little quarrels once in awhile," said the man who lives, with others, in the Pasteboard flats, "but they are all over in a few minutes."

"I presume you mean all over the house," said the other man, who had had some experience in flat life.—Indianapolis Journal.

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ARRIVAL OF TRAINS:

From Cincinnati—10:58 a. m.; 5:38 p. m.; 10:15 p. m.
From Lexington—4:39 a. m.; 7:45 a. m.; 3:33 p. m.; 6:27 p. m.
From Richmond—4:35 a. m.; 7:40 a. m.; 3:28 p. m.
From Maysville—7:42 a. m.; 3:25 p. m.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS:

To Cincinnati—4:45 a. m.; 7:55 a. m.; 3:40 p. m.
To Lexington—7:50 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 5:45 p. m.; 10:21 p. m.
To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:43 p. m.; 10:25 p. m.
To Maysville—7:50 a. m.; 6:35 p. m.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

EAST BOUND.

Lv Louisville	8:30am	6:00pm
Ar Lexington	11:15am	8:40pm
Lv Lexington	11:25am	8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm
Lv Winchester	11:58am	9:25pm 9:15am 6:30pm
Ar Mt. Sterling	12:25pm	9:50pm 9.50am 7:05pm
Ar Washington	6:5 am	3:40pm
Ar Philadelphia	10:15am	7:05pm
Ar New York	12:40n'n	9:08pm

WEST BOUND.

Ar Winchester	7:30am	4:50pm 6:55am 2:50pm
Ar Lexington	8:00am	5:20pm 7:35am 3:45pm
Ar Frankfort	9:11am	6:30pm
Ar Shelbyville	10:01am	7:20pm
Ar Louisville	11:00am	8:15pm

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Arr Elkhorn	6:43am	3:20pm
Arr Switzer	6:51am	3:32pm
Arr Stamping Ground	7:02am	3:48pm
Arr Duvalls	7:08am	3:58pm
Arr Georgetown	7:23am	4:15pm
Lve Georgetown	8:00am	4:30pm
Arr Newtown	8:12am	4:42pm
Arr Centreville	8:22am	4:52pm
Arr Elizabeth	8:28am	4:58pm
Arr Paris	8:40am	5:10pm

WEST BOUND.

Lve Paris	9:20am	5:30pm
Arr Elizabeth	9:32am	5:42pm
Arr Centreville	9:38am	5:48pm
Arr Newtown	9:48am	5:58pm
Arr Georgetown	10:00am	6:10pm
Lve Georgetown	10:40am	6:35pm
Arr Duvalls	10:56am	6:46pm
Arr Stamping Ground	11:10am	6:53pm
Arr Switzer	11:25am	7:04pm
Arr Elkhorn	11:35am	7:11pm
	11:56am	7:25pm

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